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BY C. ADAMS.

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THE TRAPPERS AND TRAPPING AT THE WEST.—The Whigs of New York, at their late gathering the Tabernacle, tendered their invitation, among others to Gov. Vance, of Ohio, Representative to in the present Congress. The following is the quaint reply of that gentleman, affording interesting particulars of "Life in the West" as practised in the early settlement of the country and the principles which now influence and characterize the genuine hunters and trappers of our western settlements. We think it will be read with pleasure.—*Albany Daily Advertiser.*

WASHINGTON, Feb. 29, 1844.
Gentlemen: I have received your friendly invitation to meet the Democratic Whigs of the city of New York, on the 4th day of March next, to join with them in such exercises as will tend to give an impetus to, and promote the great cause in which we are all engaged.

It would be pleasant for me to be with you on this interesting occasion, but duties which I do not feel at liberty to lay aside, must plead my excuse for the present; at least, until after I am released from that official trammel that at this time binds me to the House of Representatives.

In the meantime permit me to say that no one will be more heartily with you in feeling than the humble individual who now addresses you—and that unless the signs of the times are more deceptive than at any other period in our political history, the great cause in which we are engaged will as certainly succeed, as that Ohio will faithfully continue to pay the interest on her public debt, or stand next to New York in population and wealth in the year 1850.

I am a native of what is now called the great West. Was in the territory that now makes Ohio when the rifle and the steel trap gave us our only staple, and nearly our entire currency: the coon and the beaver felt standing No. 1, and of the highest grade, whilst the minor grades were regulated to suit the whim and caprice of some Indian trader. Even in my time the beaver was abundant in Ohio, and since I was able to handle a steel trap, I have known as high as six a morning strewn upon the floor of my father's cabin as the product of one night's trapping.

As a hunter, trapper, and sort of a farmer, with a knowledge of the proper length, breadth and correct proportions of every stick of necessary timber to construct a perfect log cabin from the door sill to the ridge pole, I trust I may without any undue proportion of self-sufficiency claim to know something of our people.

And although you may think that hunting, trapping and log cabins have nothing to do with politics permit me to say you are in great error. At least one half of the hunters are Whigs, two-thirds of the trappers are Whigs, and every man, woman and child of the genuine log cabin stock are Whigs to the backbone; and the very appearance of a log cabin with a "coon" upon it, immediately throws the Locofocos into convulsive spasms, that prevent them from attending the elections at all.

One word more and I am done—as we say in Congress. And that is this, that the log cabin hero of Ohio, will give HENRY CLAY a larger majority at the next Presidential election, than they gave to their favorite Harrison in 1840. And this you may order to be put down by your secretary, as a prophecy made the day and year above.

Written by

JOSEPH VANCE.

Leap Year.—The editor of the Temperance Herald, published at Camden, S. C., on the first day of its appearance, announced to its fair readers that the present being leap year, conferred upon them certain privileges, amongst which was that of paying their addresses to the gentlemen—any of whom, should be so ungracious and ungallant as not to receive them favorably, forfeited his horse and watch. The paper had been issued but a few hours when a Miss Lydia Green entered the office, made proposals to the astonished editor, and demanded his hand or the forfeit. He freely relinquished his gray horse and patent lever, rather than relinquish the right of making a selection for himself, whilst the lady appeared equally well pleased with her bargain.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—An odd relationship was lately formed by a pair of nuptials extraordinary, in Camden, North Carolina. A widower who was not very young, became smitten by a beautiful girl, and married her. A short time after, the son of this man by a former wife, became also in love, not with a younger person, but with the mother of his father's new wife, a widow lady still in the bloom of life. He offered himself, and soon the young man and the widow were united in the bonds of matrimony; so that in consequence of these two connections, a father became the son-in-law of his own son, and the wife not only the daughter-in-law of her own son-in-law, but still more, the mother-in-law of her own daughter, while the husband of the latter is the father-in-law of his mother-in-law, and father-in-law of his own father.

SWOPPING WIVES.

An extraordinary occurrence recently took place in Hancock county, Ohio. The Findley Courier says two neighbors, Henry Adams and Jacob Enspenger, being dissatisfied with their wives, agreed upon an exchange. Adams received Enspenger's wife and two of his four children, and left the country. Enspenger received in exchange Adams' wife and his four children, and a deed for his farm as boot. A few days after a warrant was issued by a magistrate, and Mrs. Adams had been arrested, but Enspenger had eluded the officer.

CAPITAL.—A man in Ohio, well mounted, and urging on a drove of fat hogs towards Detroit, met a charming lot of little girls, as they were returning from school, when one of them, as she passed the "swinish multitude," made a very pretty curtsey.

"Why, my little girl," said the man, "do you curtsy to a whole drove of hogs?"

"No, sir," said she, with a most provoking smile, "only to the one on horseback."

AMASA J. PARKER, of Delaware co., N. Y. has been appointed judge of the Third Circuit, in place of Hon. J. P. Cushman, resigned.

MR. P. was, we believe, a native of Sharon in this county, and son of the late Daniel Parker, of the Ellsworth academy.

A Heart.—What a curious thing a heart is, ain't it, young lady? There is so much difference in hearts as in faces. A woman's heart is a sacred thing, and full of purity. How proud a man ought to be, to have it placed in his keeping—to have a young girl love him so well that she will give it to him, and tell him that she loves him more than any other. Isn't it curious ladies? We might say of a heart as the old woman did of the first rabbit she ever saw. "Lo, how very funny it is!"

Knickerbocker.

FOR THE ENQUIRER.

TO THE BIRD OF THE BLUE WING.

Minstrel of sunny skies and climes, I hail thee,—Joy to that azure breast and buoyant wing;—And ill betide the wind that dares assail thee, Thou restless, wandering, evanescent thing.—To view thy loft'ring plumes we've waited long, Come, idler, come and greet us with a song!

Lo, genial Spring now calls her children round thee, Her woods, her fields in loveliness arrayed; And violets smile that they again have found thee, In the lone nooks of their sequestered glade; And bow them meekly to thine airy tread, And open their bosoms to thy wearied head.

Come to this dell—where leafy winds are waving Their breezy branches to the vernal air; And the swift brook its rocky channel laving, Brings liquid music to the distant ear. Here build thy nest and feed thy callow young, And I will keep thee, warbler, safe from wrong.

And thus when summer's fervid rays shall send me To seek a shelter in thy still retreat; The moral of thy simple lay shall bend me To sit a willing child, at Nature's feet; And wisely learn to live and wisely die, From the wild teachings of that minstrelsy!

FOR THE ENQUIRER.

TO "WASHINGTON, CT."

When maids repent the follies they have wrought, And idly hope to hide their sullied taint; Or, having erred, set wisdom's ways at naught, And still delight to "glory in their shame," How Satan's imps rejoice. But Virtue fears—And Decency, tho' "irresolute," melts in tears.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

The following extract from a speech of Mr. Choate on the Oregon question, is one of rare beauty and eloquence. He is replying to Mr. Buchanan:

The Senate had been told by the Senator from Pennsylvania that the minds of the great mass of the American people were prevailed by a deep-grounded sentiment of unchangeable enmity to Great Britain. The Senator told us, in fact, that our veins were all filled with ill-blood—with ill-blood towards England, by the memory of her many wrongs. Mr. C. thanked the Senator from Virginia, (Mr. RIVES,) and the Senator from Kentucky, (Mr. CRITTENDEN,) for having set a mark upon that sentence in the speech of the honorable Senator from Pennsylvania. Exhausted as he was, and if he knew these were to be his last words, he would use them to unite his reprobation with theirs of such a sentiment.

Being by God's mercy one of the people of America himself—having been born and bred, not in one of our cities, but in the country, where all were said to be imbued with this implacable, unmitigable hatred to England—he felt himself struck at, wounded, by being involved in the accusation of laboring under a sentiment so gloomy and so barbarous towards any one of all the nations of the earth. So deeply had it impressed his mind that he had been hardly able to think of any thing else since he heard, with astonishment, such a sentence drop from the lips of an honorable Senator on this floor. He would not hear an enemy of the country say this.

But let us distinguish. That intense feeling of nationality—that strong, impulsive, inbred sense of independent national existence—that conviction that we have a transcendent destiny to fulfil, and know how to fulfil it—that we have a career of glory to run, and know how to run it, fill us with a noble pride, and give us a lofty sense of our position in the world; but the consciousness that we are encompassed by a noble group of surrounding nations, witnessing our race of honor, and whom we mean to distance in that course; the existence of this among our people, its pervading presence throughout the whole national mind, he did not deny, but admitted and approved.

Some might ridicule the sentiment, but he believed, with Edmund Burke, that the possession of grand and noble and swelling sentiments in a people was what a wise man would not despise. But to say that the prominent sentiment among our people—the sentiment predominant over all others—was a sentiment of unmitigated implacable hatred to any one nation, and not to the rest, he must deny and vehemently controvert. He denied it, and protested against it as he now heard it here advanced for the first time.

He would remind gentlemen round him of the immortal words of Washington, that the nation which indulged a habitual fondness or a habitual aversion to another nation was in some degree a slave already. He would have Americans all free. He said so, a thousand times so, to any such sentiment. Let the highland clansman feel that who was half-bred with peat smoke, and who cherished a deadly feud as he cherished his own life; let the Indian boast of it, and hand it down to his children by he knew not what emblems of alligators, and catamounts, and clubs, and tomahawks, smeared with the warm blood and brains of his victims; let Poland, cloven down by oppression, with the grinding heel of tyranny on her forehead, deliver it as a pledge and memorial to her wandering exiles, let the poor dispersed family of Israel hug it to their bosom as they feel the contempt of a hostile world; but should this American people, young as yet, and inheriting from God's hand a land teeming with every boon and bounty of his munificence, destined to a career bright, resistless, and beneficent as the course of the heavenly spheres—should America, in the dew and freshness of her national being, glorious and happy now, and certain of being far more glorious and more happy in ages to come, should she corrode her young heart and poison its life streams by moping over the stamp act, and the tea tax, and the firing of the Leopard into the Chesapeake? God forbid! He thought we had settled all that. For what else was it that so much precious patriot blood had been spilt at Lundy's Lane, at Bridgewater, and Plattsburg, on the deck of the Constitution and the Java, and on all the other spots hallowed by the record of our fame, but to settle all these matters of complaint? And after we had settled them, and done it boldly and bravely, should we return sulky from the very field of honor?

Sentiment and Fact.—"The American Flag:

The only thing American that will bear stripes."—[Miss Wickliffe's Toast.]

"Total number of slaves in the United States, two millions four hundred and eighty-seven thousand two hundred and thirteen." [Census of 1840.]

May the noble sentiment be one day borne out by the glorious fact. [New York America.]

33—Sow your asparagus beds with salt, broadcast, one to three pounds to the square yard. This is known to be an admirable manure for it, and it is said to make it tenderer and greatly to improve its flavor. The editor of the American Agriculturist says that he never met with asparagus in the Ohio valley as tender and delicious as that grown on the sea shore or well manured with salt. He says our asparagus, though large, is generally tough and bitter. One reason for this doubtless is our bad habit of cutting it as soon as it peeps through the surface of the earth. It ought not to be cut until it rises to the height of three inches, and assumes a greenish color. It is then tenderer and sweeter.—*Low Jour.*

Horace H. son of Wm. H. Booth, of Suffield, Ct. about two years old, was suffocated, 23d ult., by a bean getting lodged in his wind-pipe. All attempts to relieve the little sufferer proved unavailing.

It is said that one firm in Cincinnati have already sent to New Orleans, this season, forty-five hundred barrels of eggs.

Here is a beautiful thing, from the pen of Mrs.

Barry Cornwall Wilson:

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

"Please, my lady, buy a nosegay, or bestow a trifle," was the address of a pale emaciated looking woman, holding a few withered flowers in her hand, to a lady who sat on the beach of Brighton, watching the blue waves of the receding tide.

"I have no half-pence, my good woman," said the lady looking up from the novel she was perusing with a listless gaze. "If I had, I would give them to you. I am a poor widow with three helpless children depending on me: would you bestow a small trifle to help us on our way?" "I have told you I had no half-pence," reiterated the lady, somewhat pettishly. "Really," she added, as the poor applicant turned meekly away, "this is worse than the streets of London; they should have a police on the shore to prevent such annoyance. These were the thoughtless dictates of the head."

"Mamma," said a blue-eyed boy, who was lying on the beach at the lady's feet, flinging pebbles into the sea, "I wish you had a penny, for the poor woman does look hungry, and you know we are going to have a nice dinner, and you have promised me a glass of wine." The heart of the lady answered the appeal of her child; and with a blush of shame crimsoning her cheek at the tacit reproach his artless words conveyed, she opened her reticule, placed half a crown in his tiny hands, and in another moment the boy was bounding along the sands on his errand of mercy. In a few seconds he returned, his eyes sparkling with delight, and his countenance glowing with health and beauty. Oh! mamma, the poor woman was so thankful; she wanted to turn back, but I would not let her; and she said God bless the noble lady, and you too, my pretty lamb; my children will now have bread for these two days, and we shall go on our way rejoicing. The eyes of the lady glistened as she heard the recital of her child, and her heart told her that its dictates bestowed a pleasure, the cold reasoning of the head could never bestow.

THE ALARM WATCH.

A lady, who found it difficult to awake so early as she wished in the morning, purchased an alarm watch. These watches are so contrived as to strike with a very loud, whirling noise, at any hour the owner pleases to set them.

The lady placed her watch at the head of the bed, and, at the appointed time, she found herself effectually roused by the long, rattling sound. She immediately obeyed the summons, and felt better all day for her early rising. This continued for several weeks. The alarm watch faithfully performed its office, and was distinctly heard, so long as it was promptly obeyed. But after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising; and when she was waked by the noisy monitor, she merely turned herself, and slept again. In a few days, the watch ceased to arouse her from slumber. It spoke just as loudly as ever; but she did not hear it, because she had acquired the habit of *disobeying* it. Finding that she might just as well be without an alarm watch, she formed the wise resolution, that if she ever heard the sound again, she would jump up instantly; and that she never more would allow her self to disobey the friendly warning.

Just so it is with conscience. If we disobey its dictates, even in the most trifling particulars, we allow ourselves to do what we have some fears may be quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy until the voice of conscience has no longer any power to awaken us.—*The Child's Gem.*

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE.

First. Get a wife.

Secondly. Be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business and your intercourse with the world; but do not therefore, carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have had trials which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. Do not increase her difficulties. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds and gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes, but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But O, bear with her, she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their keenness.

Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as matters of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider her duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not savor and play a heart which watered by gentleness and kindness, would to the latest day of your existence, throbb with sincere and constant affection.

Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to her to yield her choice as you. Do you find it hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is not difficult for her to give up *always*? If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will feel you are selfish, and care only for yourself; and with such a feeling she cannot love you as she ought. Again—

Show yourself manly, so that your wife can look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgement.

"Strive and thrive" is a pretty good maxim for a business man—we have a better, done up too in rhyme.

He that in this world would rise,

Must make the paper and A-D-V-E-R-T-I-S-E.

Brief Dialogue.—"Hollo, boy! whose is that red horse on the top of the hill?" "My father's." "It isn't every boy that knows his own father—who is yours?" "Mother's husband." "That is very probable; but I should like to know who your father and mother are?" "I will inform you sir. They are the parents of an only son, who knows how to practice the wise precepts of King Solomon." "In what way?" "By answering a fool according to his folly."

American Sheep Husbandry.—According to recent calculations, there are at present 34,000,000 of sheep in the United States; exhibiting an increase of upwards of 5,000,000 during the last five years. These animals at a moderate and reasonable computation, are worth at least \$70,000,000. The annual amount of wool is estimated at 90,000,000 lbs.—worth about \$40,000,000. Of the whole number of sheep in the U. S., New York owns nearly one-fifth!

Humility and Honor.—Mr. Alexander Hamilton petitions the Legislature of Massachusetts to allow him to call himself Edward Hamilton—because, 1. It is too much of a burden for a common sort of a man to support such a name. 2. As an humble individual, he feels his own unworthiness when he is obliged to disclose his name. 3. He is about to publish some musical composition, and is unwilling to associate so illustrious a name with inferior productions. He also thinks that if the legislature will grant his prayer, it will operate as a rebuke to the foolish practice of christening children with high-sounding names. Among the unhappy and ludicrous consequences of which, we have read in the papers that "John Quincy Adams" was brought up by the watch; in some southern city, charged with being found drunk in the street at midnight; and "Marcus Morton" was sent to the House of Correction in New York, for stealing a box of smoked herrings.

Progress of Science.—The galvanic battery has, it is said, been applied in England to the *copying of ships*. The vessel is introduced into a basin filled with solution of sulphate of copper. The position to be copied is covered with a coat of plumbago, the batteries are put in communication, and at once the copper is precipitated on its surface.—*Boston Bee.*

THE SCENE ON BOARD THE PRINCETON.

The annexed letter to a gentleman of New York is from Mr. Phelps of the U. S. Senate, who was an eye witness of the awful carnage on board the Princeton, and who escaped the explosion, by a species of providential interference. It is awfully graphic.

Washington, March 3d, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR—

Your kind letter of yesterday came to hand this evening. My escape from death by the tremendous occurrence on board the Princeton, was narrower than you or the public are aware. I stood at the breech of the gun, and I suppose nearer to it than any man except those employed in discharging it. I had with me a young lady from Maryland, (Miss Somerville) whom I had just introduced to Colonel Benton, and who was the only lady on board exposed. The Col. and I were both prostrated, and he is on his back still. My hat disappeared, and I have made no enquiry for it. The young lady's bonnet went with it—her dress was torn. My surtout was torn open, and my pantaloons demolished. Her face was scorched, and the poor girl stood like a statue, unconscious. I did not lose my consciousness for a moment.

I took a glance at the scene, caught her round the waist and carried her below. I witnessed there a scene which I shall not attempt to describe—it was one of agony, frenzy. The shrieks of a hundred females—wives, daughters, sisters—the beauty, the loveliness of the land, are still ringing in my ears. The imploring appeals to know the fate of the nearest and dearest objects of their affection cannot be forgotten. "Sir," said one, "they will not tell me about my husband." I knew her not, but she was at that moment a widow. Her husband was blown into atoms. Another in a state of frenzy, was caught in the arms of her husband, and assured, by his ardent embrace and fervent kiss, that he was safe; but the agonizing being, who had at that moment, made that trying appeal to me, argued too surely that she would feel that embrace no more.

The sternness of man's nature will encounter pain—nay, meet death boldly, but the agony of woman's heart in doubt and uncertainty of the truth, yet fearing the worse, surpass all. My friend, you will hardly believe me, when I tell you I was calm—collected. It was no time for trepidation. I felt as if introduced into the presence of my Maker. The scene was unearthly; every self feeling vanished—even my own life was of no account. I was taken to the portals of eternity, and felt that I was surveying not the paltry interests of time and sense, but man's eternal destiny. The first tear which started in my eye, fell upon the few lines which conveyed to my beloved and devoted wife—the assurance that she was not a widow, nor her children fatherless.

But it is past. The friends who, but a moment before the fatal accident, were seated with me at the festive board, blest with health, and clothed with honor—the select and distinguished few, a nation's pride and a nation's ornament, are now in the presence of their God, whither I must soon follow. My worthless life has been spared, may it not have been for the purpose of a better preparation?

Adieu, S. S. P.

A Revolutionary Matron.—The editor of the Vergennes Vermonter has been shown a lock of hair taken from the head of Mrs. Mary Barton, of Minesburg, Vt., on the day she was one hundred and two years old! It is black and glossy, and there is not a single strand of frost in it. The health of the old lady is exceedingly good—she dresses and undresses herself with perfect ease and without assistance, her appetite is good and her intellectual faculties remain unimpaired.

A Profitable Parish.—Mr. Phillips, of Assumption, stated in debate the other day in the Louisiana House of Delegates, that in his parish there were on an average, ten children to every family.

Presence of Mind.—During the conflagration at Hawley's Stable, on Saturday night, a young man who no doubt felt grieved at the loss of property which he saw around him, in his zeal to preserve as much from the devouring elements as lay in his power rushed into the counting-room of the stable, took an old worthless clock, and carried it to a neighboring public house, and there stood ringing for admittance, while all the horses and other property in the stable were in the utmost peril.

This reminds us of an instance which happened at the burning of a cottage in the country, some years ago. As soon as the fire was discovered, a young man rushed into the kitchen, wrenched the crane from its place in the chimney and dashed through a window exclaiming—"Thank God, I have been the means of saving so much, any how!"—*Boston Bee.*

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Eve. Post relates the following touching incident, which occurred at the funeral of those killed by the late explosion:

"A very affecting incident occurred at the door of the vault, when the body of Commodore Kennon was about to be deposited within its dark recess. Two little sons of the deceased officer were among those who followed him to the grave, and one of them, a child of about ten years of age, clung to the coffin, in the bitterness of his anguish, until it was found necessary to withhold him by force. To his almost infantile perception, this was probably the first complete realization of the irrevocable departure of his parent."

Lynch Law in Illinois.—The Negro who recently murdered a German shoemaker and his wife, in Jefferson county, Illinois, was subsequently taken from the prison by a mob of 300 persons, placed in a cart, taken to the scene of his murders, and there hung.

33—Letters from the Rev. Dr. Hawes were received by the last steamship from Liverpool. He was at Constantinople the latter part of January, and in good health.

Proportion.—An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed the congregation; "My hearers, let me tell you that I am now just half through with my sermon, but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

Moltrous Folly.—The Americans can no longer boast of having made themselves supremely ridiculous by their adulation of foreign dancers. At the last appearance of Mlle. Cerito, the celebrated danseuse, at a London theatre, a mammoth bouquet was lowered down to the stage. It is described as being literally a tree of flowers, and cost two hundred and fifty pounds sterling. How many starving families in that same city would this sum have fed! how many freezing backs would it have clothed!

MR. CLAY'S MORAL CHARACTER.

Mr. Henry Leuba, a native of France, but for some years a citizen of Kentucky, writes us a full refutation of the brutal attacks of the Manchester Democrat, Christian Freeman and other Loco-Foco and Abolition papers on Mr. Clay's personal character, from which we extract only the following:

"It was my good fortune to form an acquaintance with Mr. Clay many years ago, and I have since known him well. From my own observation and from the unanimous respect paid to Mr. Clay by the citizens of Lexington, his immediate neighbors, I am sure that these cross charges against Mr. Clay are calumnious. His early years may not have been free from errors, but he has long enjoyed and deserved the reputation of the most exalted worth as a kind, benevolent and strictly moral man. Every honest citizen of this vicinity, no matter of what party, will confirm this statement. Whoever asserts that he is a rambler or a debauchee is guilty of gross calumny."—*Tribune.*

Letters from Abroad. . . No. VIII.

ZURICH, (Switzerland) Sept. 14th, 1844.

TO MY DEAR COUSIN AND DEAR CHILDREN:

"On the margin of fair Zurich's waters" this is commenced, and sent from Milan. I would that the beauty of the charming scenery round the loveliest lake we have yet seen, could inspire me with words adequate to the description, but I might exhaust all the epithets of the beautiful and then fail. I do not think it is possible to give by description any satisfactory idea of a beautiful landscape. It must be seen to be realized. I will however give you some of the main features, and you with your vivid imagination must fill up the picture. The town is situated on both banks of the Linnoth, a small river, the outlet of the lake which divides the town into two unequal parts. The lake is about twenty miles long, and one and a half wide, and opens directly in front of the town, within view from which lies, at a little distance from the land, a little Isle, prettily planted with trees, under which are placed tables and seats, which serve as a place of resort during the warm days of summer. Around, between the Island and the shore, that a number of Gondola-like boats, with their gay canopies and striped pennons, floating in the air. As far as the eye can distinguish, villages and hamlets are scattered along the banks. Far in the distance, opposite the town, is a range of young mountains covered verdure of pastures and vineyards or fir trees. High above these the patriarchs of the mountains rear their frosty summits: some still retaining enough of the raven hue of youth to show that they were not always thus grizzled; covered with the hoar frost of age. One lofty peak of the Jungfrau in particular was one mass of white, as if covered with new fallen snow, and seemed to glisten even at this distance while gilded with the rays of the setting sun, by which we viewed it from a high point of what was formerly the bastions, now converted into a botanical garden. While I am writing some one passing is trilling one of the Swiss airs like the "Rans de Vache," with the peculiar intonations which are given to the parts repeated. On our return from our walk to the bastions to view the distant mountains, we were shown the house where Lavater lived, and the church opposite in which he preached. The finest church in outward appearance in Zurich was pointed out, the first story of which was built by Charlemagne, the upper part added by Zwingle (or Zuinglius) one of the great Protestant Reformers, and the two towers since added by the citizens. The Canton of Zurich is a protestant government and people, surrounded by Catholics. Their form of worship similar to the Church of England, and all and every thing show a change for the better, entering it from a country (Austria) exhibiting marks and mementoes of Catholicism on every side. I must however leave, as I said, the rest to your imagination, which I am sure can in no way exceed the reality, and go back to Vienna, to trace for our little ones the course we have taken.

We left Vienna Thursday, Sept. 14th, after a stay of two weeks, enjoying ourselves exceedingly. We returned to Linz up the Danube, taking twenty-six hours to perform what is accomplished in eight hours going down the river. We made the acquaintance of a very pleasant gentlemanly man, Mr. Pacher of Vienna, who spoke English very well, and had with him his little son about 7½ years, who also spoke English. We arrived at Linz about 11 A. M. Friday, and as we could not leave there till the next morning, we all of us whiled away the time visiting one of the towers which were built by the Prince Maximilian, brother of the Emperor, on a plan of his own and as yet an untried experiment in the way of fortification. They were built at great cost and at his own expense. The citadel I described to you in my last has one of these towers at each of its angles, and there are no less than thirty-three of them in a circumference of 9 miles. They are circular, consisting of four stories, two below the ground and two above. The ground floor is the magazine, the two lower stories the barracks where they may cook for 120 men. It has a bakery complete, a pump, engine, &c. In the 3d story are the sleeping apartments, and the 4th (the roof of which is removed when they proceed to action) is the battery, where are cannon pointing in every direction, and a machine in the center to draw or hoist things from below. There are also cannon in the 3d story pointing more downwards to protect the immediate vicinity. The cannon of the 4th story of all the towers cross or bear upon each other, so that nothing can pass them with impunity. This mode of fortification, as I have said, has never been proved, but the city of Paris, in building its new fortifications, have adopted the plan with the improvement of subterranean passages from one tower to another. Leaving this we went to see the society of Jesuits, or College, from the top of which is a fine view of the town, the Danube, and the surrounding country. The Society is allowed by government, the only one in Austria of this order. Mr. Pacher said he believed the rules of the order forbade the admittance of females into the interior, but I might put on my most innocent looks and we would try; but when the gentleman requested, for the sake of the prospect, to ascend to the top, the monk who opened the door very civilly granted the request to all but the dame, so I was obliged to stand behind the outer door and wait the return of the rest—the absurdity of which so overcame Mr. C.'s resistibilities, as he followed the monks up stairs with a number of others who were ascending loaded with books, that he laughed outright, much to the embarrassment of Mr. P. as well as to the surprise and wonder of the monks. Mr. P. told me afterwards that I only wanted a lighted candle in my hand as I stood behind the door to complete the penance which they sometimes inflict upon naughty women, and we all laughed heartily as we walked away, the monks taking good care to see all they could without committing themselves. The Jesuits wear a long black dress, confined at the waist with a broad band, the ends of which are fringed, and having low down to this attached on one side a ready and cross. Their heads have a place on the crown about the size of a dollar closely shaved. Over this, out of decency, they wear a black silk skull cap, and when they extend